

David Lanctot,  
Retailer of  
Wines, Spirits and Beer.  
Meals Served at All Hours.  
Hancock Michigan  
McGLYNN BROS.,  
CONTRACTORS & BUILDERS  
Of all kinds of brick and stone work.  
Prices on application.  
HANCOCK MICH.  
FOR SALE!  
THE MICHIGAN HOUSE,  
Corner of Oak and Sixth Streets, Red Jacket.  
Let 21 and 22, block 13, Calumet, known as  
the George's property on Lake Linden road.  
Lots 1 and 2, block 9, Tamarack City.  
Also improved and unimproved Farm Lands  
for sale and to lease. A large lot of timbered  
lands in this and adjoining county, for sale.  
Abstracts of Title furnished. Taxes paid  
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## Portage Lake News

### Gymnasium Exhibition Promises to Be a Grand One.

From the opening piano solo, "The Michigan Mining School Two-Step," by its composer, Mr. E. A. Schuman, to the finish, the entertainment to be given by the fifty leading members of the gymnasium classes, in the Y. M. C. A. auditorium, next Tuesday evening, will be a delight to the audience. Mr. Schuman's piano accompaniments to the beautiful spirited movements will be charming, and Miss Catherine Lieblein's choice piano selections throughout the evening will altogether give a most pleasing effect. That man who says he never can keep awake at any kind of an entertainment has been furnished a ticket, and if his wakefulness and enthusiasm don't be noticeable, it won't be because the most spirited kind of an exhibition will not have been given. Many of the exercises are new to our people, and all will be given in the perfect manner that only years of drill can fit the young men for. There has been a good sale of reserved seats already at 35 cents and there are a large number of choice seats yet to be sold. Parents and others should attend, and see what your Y. M. C. A. gymnasium work consists of, besides the boys are making an effort to raise, in this way, a liberal amount to help the association defray the expenses of fitting out the new gymnasium. It is believed that the enthusiasm of the audience next Tuesday evening can only be compared to that of those who listened to Prof. King last winter.

The men employed on the Portage Lake bridge, doing the finishing work of nailing, etc., were laid off Tuesday, but up to Saturday had not received their pay for last month. On Saturday one of the men, Albert Stevens, who, by the way, is a brother of J. H. D. Stevens, visited the county clerk's office to see what balance was still due on the bridge. The county owes the King bridge company \$6,500 still, but the men were employed by the Cleveland erecting company, who were sub-leasing the contract by the King company. The men have about \$900 coming in wages and there are bills owed the foundries of a couple of hundred more. J. B. Pfeiffer has advanced \$700 on time checks, but not seeing the way clear has stopped payment on them. Foreman McLaughlin, who superintended the erection of the bridge, left here about a month ago, leaving George Rowe in charge of the finishing work. Mr. Rowe says he has no doubt of the outcome. He has more coming than any of the others and says he is not worrying. He had supposed McLaughlin, who is the larger part of the Cleveland erecting company, had made arrangements with Mr. Pfeiffer for advancing the men's wages, but what the arrangements were he did not know.

County Clerk Shields has written the King company concerning the state of affairs, as their bond to the county protects labor bills and the county from responsibility. A gentleman, who knows whereof he speaks, told the News yesterday that the deal by which the mines south of Houghton are to be consolidated and worked on a large scale would have been consummated some time ago had it not been for the uncertainty of the financial situation as affected by the coming campaign and the struggle between the gold and silver factions of both parties. As it is, the parties who are behind the deal will take the limit of the options, June 8, and in that case the deal will be consummated. It is probable that by that time the policy of both republican and democratic conventions will be foreseen. It is this doubt, and no doubt of the value of the mining properties, that has delayed matters thus far. Should the present gold standard prevail, and it is likely that both parties will nominate a man pledged to upholding the credit of the government, then it is almost a surety that these mines will be equipped by the capital now standing ready for that purpose.

The twenty-odd Hancock gentlemen who went to the canal one day last week to do a little seine fishing are trying hard to keep quiet the result of their trip. They loaded up their buggies with catches enough to feed twice as many persons a week and arrived at the canal in due time. After two hours hard work setting the net and drawing it in the moment of intense interest arrived. The net approached shallow water. Each eye was bent on the surface, where first would appear the commotion caused by the imprisoned and fast ensnared school of herring, whitefish and trout. But no commotion ensued. The man who had waded in with a club to slaughter the catch waded out again. In the language of one of the disgusted ones, "there were more suckers on shore than in the net." The "catch" consisted of—just two suckers.

The Mining Journal Boston dispatch announcing the receipt in that city of a telegram from Calumet stating that the last started Tamarack shaft is situated on Calumet and Hecla property and would have to be abandoned, created considerable furor in the Portage Lake towns Saturday. But it did not have the effect here that the originators most evidently intended, for not one order to sell Tamarack was received by the local banks and every man interested cried foul from the start. The idea was held to be preposterous that one of the best

engineers in the copper country, and one who has made a reputation by the publishing of a most excellent map of this section should allow his company to start a shaft on territory not belonging to it. No. 5 shaft is between 500 and 600 feet from the boundary line and will never have to be abandoned for the reason given in the Boston dispatch. This shaft will not go in the copper country, although it may serve the purpose of its originators among holders of Tamarack stock elsewhere.

"Past Redemption" will be given at St. Patrick's Hall this evening by the Home Dramatic Club. The first production of this play by the same cast was highly spoken of by those who saw it, and it is at the request of many who were kept from going by the weather that it is now repeated. It is for the benefit of St. Patrick's church.

Ruhl & Taylor have their samples for 1896, Cleveland, Winton, Carr and Erie. These wheels are among the best known and have many friends in old riders about the county. Before buying your mount call on Ruhl & Taylor and you will be satisfied with their terms and prices.

Do not forget the third annual gymnasium exhibition at the Y. M. C. A. Hall, tomorrow evening. Attendance will help encourage the good work along the lines of physical culture being done in the association.

The monthly meeting of the directors of the Building and Loan Association will be held tomorrow afternoon at Secretary Hancock's office.

The case of Mabel Smith vs. Nils Burkman, transcript of judgment, has been entered on the calendar of the circuit court.

Mrs. Jacob Baer and sons arrived from Milwaukee Saturday and will spend the summer in Hancock.

A comptometer has been placed for trial in the office of the Building and Loan Association.

H. L. Baer went to Chicago, Saturday to join his wife. They will be absent about two weeks.

Quincy Lodge, F. & A. M., will hold a special meeting Tuesday evening.

J. C. Donohue wishes to employ two painters at once.

Interesting Washing.

An amusing little story is told in connection with a French journalist, who in his early days as a reporter had a deeply rooted aversion to the regulation notebook of his order, and hit upon a method of taking notes which afforded him great satisfaction.

He wore large white linen cuffs, and upon them, by the aid of a tiny pencil, he took down his notes and impressions in all sorts of places, unobserved by those around him.

At first his landlady was greatly puzzled by these peculiar ornaments, but as time went on she learned to decipher many of them, and gathered the news of the week from her patron's cuffs, much to her delight.

One night, when she took home the washing, the journalist chanced to be coming out of his room as she entered.

"Ah, monsieur," she said, dropping a courtesy, "your last washing was very interesting, but we had less political news than the week before. Is it not so?"

—London Tit-Bits.

Spurgeon's Points For the Preachers.

"Mind you avoid inappropriate texts," said Mr. Spurgeon one day to his college students. "One brother preached on the loss of a ship with all hands on board from 'So he brought them to their desired haven,' and another returning from his marriage holiday: 'The troubles of my heart are enlarged.' Oh, bring me out of my distress! Mind your figures of speech are not cracked. Don't talk like the brother who said, 'I fly from star to star, from cherry beam to cherry beam.' Get among your people or somebody may be saying of you, as one lady said of her minister, that he was invisible all the week and incommunicable on Sundays. Shun all affectation in the pulpit, and mind you never get into the goody goody style. One of this sort said, 'I was reading this morning in dear Hebrews.'"

—New York Observer.

All the Comforts of a Home.

"By the way, your advertisement mentioned 'home comforts,'" said the young man in quest of lodgings to a Glasgow landlady.

"Yes," was the reply. "Ye see ye could get a seat wi' us in the kirk. (My last lodger used to pay for the hale pew.) Then, t'keep ye frae wearin' in the evenin' ye could gie the bairns a han' wi' their lessons, for their ain father's nae scholar."

"About yer meals, ye could just come down an get them in the kitchen—it wud be hamelike, ye ken. There's little Johnny, ye wud get him to sleep wi' ye. He's an awful kicker, but wud keep ye frae an hate thae winter evenin's."

Then, seeing her auditor making his way to the door, she hastened to add: "I wudna charge ye onything extra for a' thae privileges."—New York Herald.

The Tale Told of a Doctor.

Appropos of doctors' beads and microbes, a lady writes: "Several years ago I took the steam cars for my family school. For a week or more our family physician took the crowded noon train, always sitting very near me, and entering into conversation. On questioning his sister-in-law about his trips, he said: 'Oh, he has a smallpox patient at C. and is afraid to take his carriage for fear of communicating contagion. So he takes the train.' I always supposed his professional eye looked on me as a prospective smallpox patient."—Boston Transcript.

Baby's Garden.

Almost every family can allow the children a tiny spot for their very own for the planting of a few seeds or bulbs or slips, the care of which will give occupation and keep the children at home when otherwise they would plead to go somewhere or to have somebody come to see them.—Woman's World.

Handmade paper was always sized with a solution of gum arabic.

## THE SILVER STRENGTH

In the South and West It Is Amazing.

AND DWARFS ALL OTHER TOPICS.

Nothing but the Tariff Argument, Says a Well Informed Observer, Serves to Temper Its Violence—Forecast of a Great Struggle.

WASHINGTON, May 2.—[Special.]—Men of wide experience in gauging public opinion say there is no better place in which to judge what the people are talking about and thinking than in the smoking rooms of sleeping cars. I talked recently with a Chicago man named Bates, a business man, and not a politician at all, who had just returned from a two weeks' tour through the west and south, in which he had slept every night but one in a railway car. Having lived so long on the road and met all sorts and conditions of men from every walk of life and having from perils half the states of the union, he was able to form a very good idea of the state of public opinion on questions which are now agitating the country.

Its Amazing Force.

"The result of my observation," said this gentleman, "is that all through the country the people are talking about the financial question. They are much more interested in it than in the tariff, which comes second in their hearts. In the south and west the strength of the silver sentiment is something amazing. I had never realized till I took this trip. Like most other men, I had supposed the talk of a sweeping silver craze was the work of politicians, and that they were magnifying the matter to suit their own ends. But after talking with hundreds of merchants, railroad men, traveling salesmen and others who every day of their lives mix with the people I am forced to admit that south of the Ohio river and west of the Mississippi the silver idea has the call.

"While the tariff is considerably talked about, the silver idea seems to be that we shall have good times again till the old tariff schedules are restored, it is almost universally the opinion that free silver is what the country most needs. The people have had hard times. If you want to get an idea of just how hard the times have been, leave the big cities and go out into what the English call the provinces. Get down close to the people and hear their stories of reduced wages, of lower prices for crops, of closed factories, of smaller salaries of merchants, of slow collections, of stoppage and economy, of a \$1 bill being as hard to get hold of as a \$10 note used to be, and you will gain some idea of an idea of the sort of condition which has forced upon the masses the conviction that something is wrong in our system of government."

"Right here let me say that if it were not for the protection idea, if it were not for the widespread belief that the Wilson-Gorman bill imposed too low duties and failed to protect the industry of this country from foreign competition, this contributing to the hard times, the silver idea would sweep the country with such force that nothing could stop it. If it were not for the contrast between the two tariffs, all the unrest, all the change of system, would be concentrated upon the currency, and it would be impossible for either party to stand out against it. I have no opinion to offer as to the relative merits of the two tariffs, but I do not care to enter. But if it was not for this difference of opinion I am firmly convinced the people would send up such a demand for the free coinage of silver as could not be resisted, and within two years this country would be upon a silver basis."

The Tariff in Second Place.

"But the tariff argument which is going on all through the country serves to temper the violence of the silver craze. Many men who are satisfied there is something wrong in our system of government, and under other circumstances would attribute the whole defect to the currency, now blame it on the tariff, according to their views, interests or prejudices, and this is the only thing that saves us from having the gold standard stricken down and the silver standard put in its place. I feel sure my readers will agree with me that this is a view of public sentiment which comes from an impartial and intelligent source, and that it is worth much as evidence than any of the claims made by mere political partisans. At the same time there is little doubt that the Republican national convention to meet in about six weeks at St. Louis will declare in favor of maintenance of the existing standard of monetary value until such time as bimetallicism shall be adopted by an international agreement. This declaration is foreshadowed by the platforms adopted in a majority of the Republican state conventions already held. States representing between 200 and 300 delegates at St. Louis have declared for the present maintenance of the gold standard. The commercial nations of the world may be brought into an agreement to establish bimetallicism. Many other states have taken a position which substantially amounts to the same thing. For these reasons the silver standard here is not a question of maintenance of the existing standard will be favored in the currency plank to be adopted at St. Louis. Talk of remonetizing silver by international agreement will not have much meaning, except as a political play."

The Momentous Campaign.

If the Republicans take this position they will of course endeavor to satisfy the free silver elements of their own party by saying to them: "You see we are not inimical to silver. We are ready to recognize that money and as such we want you and other nations to join us, and from this time forward we shall make efforts to bring the other nations into cooperation with our own to that end." But if the Democratic national convention which is to meet at Chicago should declare openly for the free coinage of silver by this country alone, without waiting for the action of any other nation, the battle of the standards will be precipitated. The great question of whether we are to have gold or silver as our monetary value will be fought out in a finish and the tariff and all other questions will for the time being have to go to the rear.

Considering chances as they present themselves at this writing to the more important question seems to be approaching. It threatens more or less to break up the old party lines and to bring on one of the most interesting and momentous presidential campaigns the country has ever had.

WALTER WELLS.

A VICTIM OF CIRCUMSTANCES.

Surroundings Over Which Conductor Not Passenger Had Control.

"Thirty-ninth street!" called the conductor of the "L" car.

"Thirty-ninth street!" exclaimed the woman who was sitting next to the door, jumping up.

"Yes, ma'am," replied the conductor politely. "This is where you want to get off."

"Oh, that's a nice way to try to get out of forgetting me," she returned excitedly. "You know very well that I told you I was only going to Thirty-eighth street. What do you mean by

carrying me by it?"

"Why, madam, the—"

"Oh, it's no use trying to excuse yourself; I know all about it. You thought you could impress me because I'm from the country, but I'd have you understand that you can't do it."

"But, madam," protested the conductor, "we do not stop at Thirty-eighth street."

"Don't lie to me," she replied angrily. "I guess I know how these city roads are run, if I ain't city born and bred. You carried me by on purpose; you know you did. I can see you grinning at me now, but you won't think it's such a good joke when I complain to the company."

"I'm sorry, madam," said the conductor deferentially. "Do you wish to get off here?"

"Of course I do, but I'll take my time about it, and you can't hurry me, either."

"If you will get off now, madam, and not keep us waiting here any longer, I'll try to remember your face next time and stop the train at Thirty-eighth street for you."

"Oh, you admit that you can stop there, do you?" she said triumphantly, as she stepped on to the platform. "I thought you would as soon as you found that you had a determined woman who can't be imposed upon to deal with."

"Yes, ma'am, I admit it," he replied, as he closed the gate and rang the bell to go ahead. "We don't usually stop there, but we can. But," he added, as the train pulled out, "if you intend to leave the car there, I would advise you to wear your bloomers. It's no easy job to climb down those steps."

She tried to reach him with her umbrella, but it was too late.—Chicago Post.

FASTNET LIGHT.

A Welcome Glimpse to the East Bound Atlantic Voyager.

The first glimpse of Great Britain that the American tourist gets on his European tour is that of the Fastnet lighthouse.

It stands on a rugged and solitary rock, situated nine miles south of Crookhaven, at the extreme southwest corner of Ireland, and is, perhaps, more storm beaten than any other around our coast.

The rock is 80 feet in height, and the lighthouse towers another 70 feet above, yet, in winter gales, the Atlantic billows literally bombard the massive structure and have even smashed in a portion of the lantern at the summit of the erection, the sea frequently sweeping over the rock with tremendous force.

Some two or three years ago the stormy weather then prevailing prevented all communication with the rock for many weeks, so that the store of food was consumed, with the exception of some flour. At last a schooner managed to approach sufficiently near to enable a small quantity of food to be dragged through the sea by the hungry men, and, fortunately, the next day the sea moderated, and the stores were once more fully replenished.

Except in very calm weather the Fastnet is surrounded by a fringe of foam, and the only means of landing is by the aid of a "jib" 58 feet in length, so placed on the rock that, in moderate weather, its end reaches outside the pier. When a visitor wishes to land (an unusual occurrence), he is rowed in a small boat as near as the waves permit, and the lightkeepers throw out a small buoy, attached to a rope, which is secured by the man in the boat. The jib is then swung out, and the visitor, placing one foot in the loop and catching tight hold of the rope, is hoisted about 40 feet vertically, and then the jib, being pivoted at its foot, swings him horizontally about 100 feet on to a safe landing.—London Sketch.

The Conversation Interrupted.

"I beg your pardon," said the man with the slightly bald head, who sat in a paragon seat near one of the boxes in a down town theater the other evening.

"I beg your pardon," he repeated, "but would you mind looking at the figures on this check and telling me what they are? I'm a little nearsighted."

The youngest member of the noisy box party, an amiable looking youth, with highly plastered hair, suspended his conversation with the interested blond in the green dress a moment, leaned over the front of the box, and in answer to the questioner, who had risen to his feet and was smilingly holding out for his inspection the check end of a ticket, he said:

"Certainly, sir. The figures are \$1.50."

"Well," rejoined the questioner, "that's exactly what I paid to hear this play tonight, and I'm going to get the worth of my money or I'll lift my voice right now and raise a fuss and make a scene! You'll oblige me by telling the rest of them."

He was not disturbed again during the evening.—Chicago Tribune.

He Had His Orders.

"Have you any children?" asked the janitor.

"I have," replied the prospective tenant.

"Then you can't have the flat," said the janitor decisively.

"But you don't understand," protested the prospective tenant. "My youngest child is 20 years old, married and lives in New York, and the other two are in St. Louis."

"That makes no difference," returned the janitor. "Orders are orders, and I have orders not to rent this flat to any one with children."—Chicago Post.

The Burglar's Burglars.

A reformed burglar, who has no further use for the knowledge himself, says there are three things a night thief dreads. One is a baby, the second is a little whiffet dog that can sleep with both eyes open and barks when a needle falls, and the third is a newspaper. Almost always the paper rattles or crackles when a foot touches it. Unless a burglar is so desperate that he will risk his own life, he will leave the moment he strikes a house strewn with newspapers.

Witty Wales.

A good reply was given to Mrs. Patti by the Prince of Wales, who had paid a visit at her magnificent castle of Craig-y-Nos. The weather was awful. The hostess in receiving her princely visitor stated to him that she had prayed fervently to heaven for good weather.

"Oh," said the prince, "you must certainly have made a little mistake, for if you had said your prayer instead of saying it, it surely would have been granted."

In many parts of China paper shirts are used by the natives. They are said to be much warmer in cold weather than cotton.

Highest of all in Leavening Power.—Latest U. S. Gov't Report.

# Royal Baking Powder

ABSOLUTELY PURE

### SWEETHEARTS ALWAYS.

If sweethearts were sweethearts always. Whether as maid or wife. No drop would be half as pleasant in the mingled draft of life.

But the sweetheart has smiles and blushes. When the wife has frowns and sighs. And the wife's love is a wonderful glitter. For the glow of the sweetheart's eyes.

If lovers were lovers always. The cause to sweetheart and wife. Who would change for a future of Eden. The joys of this checkered life?

But husbands grow grave and silent. And care on the anxious brow. Off replaces the sunshine that perished. With the words of the marriage vow.

Who has plucked the rose to find ever its beauty and fragrance increase. As the flush of passion is mellowed. Love is an unmeasured peace.

Who sees in the step a lightning; Who finds in the form a grace; Who reads an unaltered brightness In the witchery of the face.

Undimmed and unchanged. Ah, happy is he, crowned with such a life, Who drinks the wife pledging the sweet heart.

And toasts in the sweetheart the wife — Daniel O'Connell in Domestic Monthly.

### A SICK SAVAGE.

Robert Louis Stevenson Tells of the Delusions of One of His Servants.

Poor Miss Polo—you remember the thin boy, do you not?—had a desperate attack of influenza, and he was in a great taking. You would not like to be very sick in some remote place in the islands and have only the savages to doctor you? Well, that was just the thought, "to let these childish white people doctor a sore foot or a toothache, but this is serious—I might die of this!"

For goodness' sake, let me get away in to a drafty native house where I can lie in cold gravel, eat green bananas and have a real grown up, tattooed man to raise spirits and say charms over me."

A day or two we kept him quiet and got him much better. Then he said he must go. He had had his back broken in his own island, he said. It had come in a broken again, and he must go away to a native house and have it mended. "Confound your back," said we. "Lie down in your bed." At last one day his fever was quite gone, and he could give his mind to the broken back entirely. He lay in the hall. I was in the room alone. All morning and noon I heard him roaring like a bull calf, so that the floor shook with it. It was plainly humming. It had the humming sound of a bad child crying, and about 2 of the afternoon we were worn out and told him he might go. Off he set. He was in some kind of a white wrapping, with a great white turban on his head, as pale as clay, and walked leaning on a stick.

But, oh,